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The Year of Life.

THE Spring, her dark hair gemmed with rain,
Follows the bluebirds along the woods,
Where trees are golden with breaking buds,
And fields are greening with waking grain,
On moss and crocus her white feet gleam.
And her chant down the wind chimes fitfully;
Then dreams are real, the Real a dream,
And Life's end and Love's end are far to see.

When summer is kneeling 'mid reapen wheat
At shut of lilies in azure June,
Her pale brow crowned with a faint curv'd moon,
Her eyes with pain forgotten sweet;
And her new-fledged nestlings are fluting low
Till Beauty made perfect hushes the night;
One sere leaf falls where red roses blow,
And Illusion is going, and Truth is in sight.

Then Autumn comes wandering down the land,
Her bronze hair tossed by the fragrant wind,
Her brown cheek soft incarnadined
By light from poppies within her hand;
And the hurrying bee the last bloom sways
In the haze drifting in from the restless sea,—
And Failure is felt, but Hope yet stays,
For Christ has mercy on you and me.

And Winter, throughout the narrowing day,
Weaves films of rime-lace along the burns
Where the north is sobbing through grass and ferns,
Foul are they now that were fair in May;
Though the golden-rod stalks bear lilies of snow,
No robin flits o'er the clover waves:
Naked of all—even Hope must go,—
Yet we plead for life and we hate our graves!

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE contemplation of heavenly things will
make a man think and speak more sublimely
when he descends to the affairs of earth.—
Cicero.

The Face, the Mirror of the Soul.

T. J. CRUMLEY.

It is said that those who have the habit of observation strong within can tell at a glance what may be the occupations of those with whom they come in contact. Thus, by a stoop in the shoulder, they single out the constant student; by a paleness of the visage accompanied, perhaps, with an ink stain on the fingers, they distinguish to a certainty the close-confined clerk; the worker in iron they know from the blackness of his hands; the day laborer of the streets is characterized by his swarthy complexion, or, it may be, by a bit of clay clinging to his shoes; the miller trodding home at evening carries with him an infallible indication of his daily toil in the flour-dusty clothes he wears, and so on through the whole list of all possible employments. A trained eye needs only an external sign or two to recognize immediately the crafts with which the passing world is busied.

But more than this, men have been known to judge even character by these personal outward marks. Indeed, to a limited extent, nothing is easier. It requires no special cleverness, for instance, to conclude that any human being who would deliberately appear in the streets on Sunday morning with unblackened shoes is hopelessly, nay criminally, indolent; that a boy who is cleanly dressed and otherwise presentable, but who revels in very dirty hands, is careless and will probably forget to bring up wood for supper, or that a girl who does not walk with simple and easy grace, but who holds a high head and looks disdainfully at

a beggar is excessively proud, and has, no doubt, a humble rag-picker for a grandfather.

The tone of voice, too, is a positive index to temperament. In the sound of a harsh, rasping, guttural tone, for example, the hateful, vicious, envious disposition is only too evident; while in the very ring of a pure, clear, cheery voice one easily detects a lovable character. A gentleman is distinguished by the winning ease and affability that is always present in his speech; and on the contrary the obnoxious corner loafer, who glories in being "tough" and in dropping the "g's" of present participles, has only to utter a word to be set down immediately for what he is. Similarly the woman who is so lost to propriety as to speak constantly in a haughty, petulant manner is sure to be taken for a shrew.

A number of other instances might be drawn to show that a man with an eye and an ear can discover almost the thoughts of others through mere exterior signs and sounds; but enough has been enumerated to serve our purpose in proving that beyond a doubt the face is the mirror of the soul. For if it be true that a person is "seen through," as is said, from the clothes he wears and the way in which he wears them, or from the quality of his voice, it certainly cannot be denied that the face, which is the most expressive member of the human body, will also serve as an open page wherein may be read the passions, loves and hates of the spirit within. Actors and elocutionists have noted this, and accordingly lay great stress on the development of the facial muscles. More than upon a graceful pose or a well-executed gesture, they rely upon a significant look. See that Shylock, how he curls up his lip and rivets a venomous glance of detestation upon the retreating figure of Antonio—was ever a vicious malice better uttered by word of mouth? And that Richard III., as he stands gloating over the bleeding body of his victim, his head in air, his features all aglow with the hot blood-rush of passion, what could more clearly indicate the fierce, selfish exultation of his black heart than the leer of that half-closed eye! Then gaze upon the afflicted Hamlet, when his dead father appears to him on the battlements; how he stands rooted to the spot, speechless, immovable, stricken, expressing, nevertheless, all the fear and wonder and pity which hold his breast in thrall by the stare of his upturned face. Again, behold the ardent Romeo; "sighing like a furnace," the very picture of a "careless desolation";

of him truly it can be said: "His soul looks out at his eyes." In fine it is a fact too clear for demonstration that every great actor reads his Shakspeare quite as much by his face as by his voice and gesture.

Painters and sculptors, also, have put much confidence in the power which is in the face to show forth the workings of the soul. They have recognized that in every symbolical piece the features must be looked to first; that they express no more nor less than the subject will allow. Prometheus bound must not be painted after the appearance of a grinning Satyr; Charity should not be drawn looking like Anger. No artist would have the temerity and bad taste to picture Barabbas with the visage of an Apollo, or to give a Madonna the sensuous lip and languid look of a Venus. Nor could Christ be figured with a coarse and troubled countenance, for the portrait would belie the admirable calm and majesty of the original. Likewise, whenever wonderment or frenzy, affliction or gladness, is to be depicted, there must be a corresponding expression of the face. A too deep shadow under the eyes, a misplaced wrinkle, a hectic flush where there should be a healthy bloom, and all the soul, all the meaning of the work quite vanishes. Fancy a dying Columbus represented with the dancing eye of youth! It may be that in a given picture every line is perfect and the color beautifully put on, yet if the faces of the figures be not in accordance with the thoughts they are meant to represent, the painter has failed and his work is worse than worthless.

Now, if in art, which, after all, was instituted merely "to hold the mirror up to nature," it must follow that in real life, too, the thing cannot be otherwise. And besides, experience teaches as much. Take the hardened and accustomed criminals, for example; study their pictures in the "rogues' gallery." Are not their faces the very counterpart of their souls, in so far as their souls are known by their deeds? Is there anyone so dull who could not pick out the thief among them by the fearful, furtive glance he wears, or the human butcher by his close-set eyes and brutish, dogged look? Could not a very child, indeed, point with unerring certainty to the young man who has already begun to rob his employer and has plunged so soon into the seething, foaming torrent of dissipation? The highwayman, also, bears openly upon his bold, dare-devil countenance the very arms and emblem, so to speak, of his reckless occupation. In

like manner, all the passions, all the hateful appetites of the common drunkard have risen to his face and there remain to mark him and condemn him before the world. Verily, the face is the mirror of the soul, and, alas, none know this so well as the detective and the police inspector.

We need not descend so low as the public prison, however, in order to understand the exactness and precision of the epithet which forms the subject of this paper; the life around us affords many examples. A well-known American poet has said, speaking on the value of observation, that "no man can lie without betraying himself by his upper lip." Whether this be true or not can hardly be decided off-hand. We are not quite so definite as this writer; we maintain simply that whether it be by the upper or lower lip, by one or the other brow, by the movement of the cheek, by the nostrils, or by all of these together, certain is it that no man can make a practice of lying without discovering himself in his visage. Lying is unfortunately more common than is generally supposed. How comes it, then, that it is not detected more frequently than it is? Because, it may be, the one who is duped does not happen to be a very shrewd observer, or because the liar is too practised, too skilful. If the former, the victim has himself to blame, and the objection makes nothing against our position; if the latter, we may say with Abraham Lincoln: "You may fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time."

And if more instances from real life be demanded, they are easily furnished. There is the engineer, who carries in the power of his right hand the souls, the hopes, perhaps the fortunes, of many people. No one could ever mistake him for the fireman. As a class, he is a man with a conscience, and has ever in his heart the responsibility of his position, and this may be easily read upon his countenance. Then mark the military captain, whose business for the most part consists in giving commands. What determination to be obeyed is evident in his features; the lips are firm and the brows are on a level, neither raised nor lowered. There is a perpetual set look of authority in his countenance that is surely unmistakable. Again, behold that modern institution, the "floor-walker!" Is not *his* face the mirror of his soul? Does *he* not wear his heart upon his sleeve? His whole being yearns for custom—he is paid to make it yearn—and never yet was

the legend "Buy here" better spoken than by the beam of his smiling front. Finally, take thought of all the pure and beautiful characters you have ever met with, and see if their faces, as you know them, are not the full exponents of their individual selves.

And now, if it has been made clear that the face is beyond a doubt the mirror of the soul, there must be one thing very evident, to wit—that no man or woman with an impure heart can possess pure and handsome features. Only the innocent are truly fair. Freckles and sunburn are no stains, but only sin. If the spirit be undefiled, the visage will be comely, despite pimples and moles and all irregularities. Perfect lines and proper colors no more make lovely faces than perfect lines and the proper color make valuable jewelry. Paint and powder as we like, we may hide the blemishes of the skin, but we cannot hide the blemishes of the soul. Wherefore, let us conclude with this moral—If you would be beautiful, be good.

Where the Corn-Sheaves Rustle.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

Little lame Sammy sat by the window, looking listlessly out over the field of rustling corn, watching the after-glow of the sunset slink back among the tree-tops as the dusk came on. It was no new scene for him. From the same window he watched the grain grow up and turn yellow, and the stretches of golden stubble nestle under the snow. But God changes things so slowly that it was all the same to him. Here on the farm he spent the whole of his time, never venturing further than the gate. With his crutches the little cripple could move around well enough to do the cooking; but that was all.

Dave Cameron, the owner of the land, had taken in Sammy as a companion and helpmate; they had no friends to look to except each other; so the weak one cooked, while the strong one plowed the ground and harvested the grain. Both were happy. Many a time big Davie leaned on his plow-handles and thought of the childish face at the window of the cottage. Often Sammy, leaning his head on his hand, thought of his big friend toiling in the field during the mid-day heat.

Thus to-night the "little un" fell a-dreaming. At the foot of a slope was a green meadow cut

in two by a noisy brook. In one corner stood a cow with her head over the bars, placidly chewing her cud, and a small white calf stood quietly by its mother, both waiting for the darkness to come upon them. This alone would have held one's attention fast; Sammy did not notice it. He did not hear the brook gurgle; his ears were deaf to the frogs' croaking; the locusts' monotonous drumming only carried him further into dream-land. His eyes looked out into the dusk. Suddenly he started slightly, and as he turned his head, he caught the song,—

"Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them, where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie."

"It's Davie," he said to himself, going to the table to see that everything was ready for supper. He must be tired out after working in the fields all day. He works while I mope. "Yet," he continued, breaking out in his half Scotch way, "the gude Laird has made it sae; I canna' help it."

"Well, Sammy," said Davie, coming in, "were you lonesome to-day?"

"A little, Davie. I wish I could go out in the fields to help you and I would never be tired."

"Come, little un, it's the same way wi' me; I wish I could only sit in the house wi' you all the time. But come, let's have supper."

"As I came by the old shed," Davie continued after they sat down, "I noticed that old Fan had a litter o' pups. I'll bring them up here and put them in a barrel in a corner of the yard, so you can watch them. I tell you Sammy, they're bonnie wee things, those puppies."

"Oh, Davie!" exclaimed Sammy with delight, "can't I train 'em to do things for me—to carry a lunch basket to you?"

"O' course, laddie, o' course; but it'll take a long time and much trouble. Still, old Fan would do almost anything for me; I don't see why the pups wouldn't do the same for you."

So they talked during the whole meal. Afterwards, when the dishes were washed and put away, Davie drew Sammy's chair near the fire beside his own and motioned him to sit down.

"Come child," he said, "I've something to tell you." Then Sammy hobbled across the room, sat down and, with his elbows resting on the strong knee of his benefactor and his chin between his hands, he looked up into the big brown, Scotch eyes of Dave.

"Sammy, lad," said the elder, putting his

hand on the boy's head, "I've been a-thinking about your lameness for a long time. I have read much and have written to many doctors who have given me encouraging answers, I noticed that boys just the same as you have been cured and grew to be strong and healthy. Sammy, I've been thinking o' it for a long time; and now, if you're willing to have them do it, I'll bring three doctors to perform the operation. You'll be right here at home too, so you can see the same fields as always while you're getting well."

"But Davie," said Sammy, wearing on his brow an expression of hope mingled with anxiety, "I am happy here now, I canna' ask you for more."

"It's nothing at all, laddie, nothing at all."

"Will they give me much pain?"

"Not a bit. They'll put you to sleep, and when you wake, you'll be crooked no more, but straight and strong like the rest o' us. While you're growing stronger, I'll be with you all the time, so you'll not be lonesome."

Thus the ruffles of anxiety on the little fellow's forehead were smoothed out, and hope shed a happy glow around him. He imagined himself out in the fields, working by the side of Dave. He could see himself, robust and healthy, driving the cows down to the spring that rippled through the meadows. He would get on the shining back of black Curly, and canter down the road until the bleaching corn closed in and swallowed him up. It was a glorious sight; the little cripple's heart was so full of joy that the gladness just bubbled up, and he dropped his head on Dave's leg and wept. And big Dave, too, as he looked down upon Sammy brushed away the tears that he could not keep back. He sent up a prayer of thanks to God, and in his heart he hoped with all the tenderness of his noble nature that Sammy's dreams would become realities.

That night, vision after vision passed before Sammy's sight. In them, he saw his cheeks round and rosy; they really were pale and sunken. Once, he laughed a gay little laugh, and Dave, when he saw, by the moonlight, the joy pictured on the white face on the pillow, smiled, though there was no one to see him.

After the crops had ripened, and the harvest had been gathered in, Dave felt that it was time for him to do as he had promised. Everything was made ready. One day the gig was at the gate, and Dave, having discarded his farming clothes and put on a new brown suit, was about to take leave of his little friend.

"Sammy," Dave began, "while I'm gone, John Bartwell will tend to the farm with the rest o' the men, as there isn't much to do. He will carry in the water and wood for you. I told him about everything there was to do. Whenever you want anything, send him to town for it."

"But Davie! how long will it take you? When will you be back?"

"About four days, I think, is as long as I'll stay away—perhaps five. I have other things to tend to besides seeing the doctors. Keep up your spirits, Sammy, and don't begin to worry about the operation. Doctor Royie said it would be painless."

"I'll try not to," replied Sammy, anxiously; "but I can't help worrying a little."

"It will not hurt you; so don't let your heart flutter on that account. I have put three books on the table in the bedroom; you'll not be lonesome. Besides, John's full of good stories; he'll make fine company. Well, laddie, it's time for me to go. Good-bye. Tell John to go to town Wednesday; I'll write to-morrow."

"I shall, Davie," said Sammy, with a tremor in his voice. "Good-bye; God goes wi' you."

"Good-bye."

Then he drove away. And as he looked back, at the cottage, he saw a figure at the window. If he could but see closely, he would notice a pair of dreamy grey eyes, looking down the road at the retreating buggy. And just as it was lost to sight at a turn of the road, a tear trickled down Sammy's cheek and plashed on the window-sill; and Sammy murmured "he's gone." To him this departure was more than we can imagine. A new life would be in store for him.

More than two years have passed since we left Sammy at the window. In a little shop, above the door of which hung a sign in the shape of a boot, sat four men. One of them, who was trimming a pair of soles, was evidently the cobbler himself. Of the other three, two were middle-aged townsmen, who had left their work, on account of the rain which was dripping steadily outside the darkened room. The fourth one was old and grey. He sat with his legs crossed and his cane leaning on his knee, while he smoked an old pipe.

"I guess the rain's good for all day," said one of them.

"Yes; well, it won't hurt anything."

"No, I guess not. The ground is pretty dry."

"John Bartwell was in to-day," said the cobbler, "an' he says everything's all right out his way. He says that Sammy Douglas is sick abed. The little fellow never was strong anyway."

"It's 'cause Dave Cameron didn't come back, I'm thinkin'," put in the old man.

"I don't doubt it, Tommy," replied the cobbler, "It's no wonder they liked each other." Sammy seems to be a nice little fellow; and I know myself, there wasn't a better man in the country than Dave Cameron."

"Nonsense, Jim," another said, "he's gone off an' found a better place than he had here an' he's jes kep' it."

"No, Dave, wasn't that kind of a man. Besides he had his own farm here; and a good one, too."

"Well, that *might* be," said the cynic yawning. Then the conversation lagged until another man entered the room.

"Hello, Doc," said Jim cheerily, "how's Sammy getting along?"

"He's pining away, poor little fellow. There is nothing the matter with him, except he's always longing for Davie."

"I expected it all along; since Dave's dead, nothing will satisfy him. Half-sole? All right. Goo' morning."

The doctor had told the truth! little Sammy was wasting away. Many a long and anxious night he had looked for his Davie; but Dave did not come, and Sammy once more lapsed into hopeful longing. All his golden dreams had turned into leaves and pebbles. And more still, Davie, who had loved him so tenderly and cared for him so patiently, was gone. To be a cripple was little; to be without Dave was death.

As long as he could, he hobbled to the window every evening to watch for his lost friend. Twice he saw the corn grow up and turn yellow, and the golden ears hauled away to the crib. And now old Fan was dead; the little puppies that Dave had given to him so long ago were grown up and trained. Pilot and Dash would do anything they were commanded. Brownie, so full of mischief, could romp and play all day; he was Sammy's favorite.

But the little brook dashed through the meadow in the same noisy way; the dusky shadows of approaching night still chased the after-glow of the sunset back among the tree-tops; the corn rustled softly as if to soothe the little heart. To most eyes, the farm was still unchanged; and Sammy, encouraged by these

remembrances of days with Dave, hoped still.

Yes; the, "little un" was fading. He could go to the window no more; but John moved his bed there so he could look down the road. One evening, as he lay pale and thin, braced up with pillows, thinking of Dave's songs, he began to hum softly:

"I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing
By a falling, crystal stream."

Dreams had carried him away, and, for a moment, he forgot sorrow. There he lay musing for a long time, when up from the lowlands, through the darkness, came softly,—

"Hark! the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a faulding—"

Here it was lost. Again it came, and Sammy listened:

"Ca' the yowes to the knowes
Ca' them where the heather grows;
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie."

"It's Davie," said Sammy; then he fell back on the pillows. It was only a minute before Dave opened the door and rushed to Sammy's bed:

"Sammy, Sammy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all since you've come again. But, Davie, why did you stay so long?"

Then Dave told how he had been hurt in a railway accident. A blow on the head, and everything was a blank, memory was gone; only a short time ago it all came back to him. Dave had spent two years of death.

That was all he said. Some time after, Sammy too underwent an operation, and became strong and healthy. One rainy day in the little dirty room, cobbler Jim said to his friend:

"Sammy Douglas is going to marry the prettiest girl in town next week. Didn't I tell ye Dave was the best man here?"

A Modern Romeo.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

For two consecutive weeks the goddess of peace had reigned supreme among the ranks of the East and West-Siders. The East and West-Siders lived in the northern part of Grand Rapids on the opposite banks of the Grand River. As long as Jimmy Camp, the leader of the East-Siders could remember—and Jimmy was now twenty-two years old—there

had been a bitter feud between the people living on the East Side, who worked in the Chair Factory, and those on the West Side who worked in the Folding-Bed Factory. Never before in Jimmy's memory had there been such a long interval of uninterrupted peace between the opposing parties. It was early in January, the skating was fine, and under ordinary circumstances, the two factions would have indulged in nightly battles on the ice. It is true the East-Siders had made numerous sallies into the enemy's territory, but, as yet, there had been no avenging excursion in retaliation. This state of affairs puzzled Jimmy not a little, and one night he set out on a spying expedition into the camp of the enemy. On his return he reported that a pretty girl had moved into a house on the West Side, and, as he expressed it, "all de guys were dead gone on her." Jimmy found out that the girl's name was Ellie Fawn and that she was a cousin of Jerry Drape, the leader of the West-Side forces. Jimmy and Jerry were deadly enemies and never met without an impromptu battle. Jimmy had seen the girl and had been very favorably impressed by her appearance. If she were not Jerry's cousin and a West-Sider he might have fallen in love with her, but, as it was, there was little danger of such a calamity. Girls were not a scarcity on either side of the river, but pretty girls were at a premium, and this explained why the West-Siders had turned from the worship of Mars to the shrine of Venus.

The peace thus brought about did not last long, and hostilities were soon renewed with greater animosity than ever. One Sunday morning, about three weeks after Ellie's arrival, Jimmy was taking a solitary "skate" up the river. He was about two miles above the railroad bridge which joined together the warring neighbors when, on rounding a bend in the river, he came upon a small figure, wrapped in a long cloak, sitting forlornly upon a log frozen into the ice. It took but a glance to see that it was Jerry's pretty cousin. She seemed to be in trouble, and Jimmy was far too gallant to leave any young lady, even a West-Sider, in distress when it was in his power to aid her. Wheeling around he was soon beside her. She looked up as he came near. Her face was deathly white and she seemed to be in great pain, but smiled prettily when Jimmy awkwardly touched his cap and asked: "Anything the matter, Miss? Can I help you?" "I skated into a crack," the girl answered, in such a

sweet voice that it sent Jimmy's heart thumping against his ribs, "and I hurt my foot. It hurts just awful," and she looked down at a small foot pillowed on a block of ice and with a broken skate still strapped to it. "I shouldn't have come out alone," she went on; "but I wanted to skate and I didn't want to ask anyone to come with me. I thought they might want to go to church." Jimmy, who all this time had been busy taking off the broken skate, smiled at the idea that any godless West-Sider should ever want to go to church, but he held his tongue and said naught. The girl gasped with pain as he loosened the straps, although he tried to be as gentle as possible. When the skate was off Jimmy rose to his feet in perplexity while the girl's upturned eyes mutely asked him what he was going to do next. In the words of Hamlet, of whom Jimmy had never heard, that was the question. Ellie could not use her foot; he could not carry her, and there was no one in sight to help him. Then he suddenly remembered that around the bend a mile below he had seen a couple of small boys sliding on the ice with a hand-sled. Telling the girl to "wait a minute," he was off like a flash. The small boys were still peacefully enjoying themselves when Jimmy swooped down on them like an eagle, and before they could even gasp in amazement he was flying up the river with the sled swaying behind him. Then there arose such a wail as only a wronged small boy can send up. Wails and frantic orders to "Bring back that sled" did not stop Jimmy for an instant and he was soon at the side of Ellie. She brightened up as he came near, and gave him a smile for the like of which he would have stolen fifty sleds from twice that number of small boys. He placed her on the sled and carefully set out for the city. There was a large crowd of West-Siders around the landing when Jimmy came in sight of the bridge and it looked dangerous to go near them. He never paused for a moment, bravely skated up to the bank, threw back the levers of his skates, picked them up and calmly drew his pretty charge up the bank. The West-Siders started forward when they recognized him, but drew back at the sight of Ellie. Jimmy started for a house a little apart from the others which he knew to be Ellie's home. He drew the sled up to the door and, when the wondering family came crowding out, picked her up and carried her in. Then before they could thank him he was off in search for a doctor. Meeting Jerry Drape hurrying up, he ordered him to "hustle

for a doctor." Jerry, too frightened to question Jimmy's right to order him about, started on a run for the nearest physician. Jimmy's duty was now done and he bethought himself that he was in the hands of the enemy, and had better be looking out for his own safety. The crowd was still around the landing, but Jimmy put on a brave face and walked right through it and was soon skimming across the river. Half way across, he turned and placing his thumb to his nose, he wiggled his fingers in a very exasperating manner at the indignant West-Siders. Before they could recover themselves enough to throw a stone at him he was safe in his own territory.

A few nights after this, Jimmy made a stealthy call on the Fawns to find out how Ellie's sprain was. He was made so welcome that he repeated his visit, and soon became a regular caller and the favored admirer of Ellie. The West-Siders were rightly indignant because a hated East-Sider was the favorite of the belle of the West Side, and numerous attempts were made to capture and punish him for his presumption. Jimmy was too shrewd to allow himself to be caught, and the weary West-Siders had to yield to the inevitable, and allow him to call on Ellie in peace.

The winter was long and severe. In March the snow was still three feet deep and there was great danger if a thaw should come. Both banks of the river were low, and if the water rose much the dwellers on either bank would be obliged to desert their homes for the higher ground half a mile back from the river. In ordinary years there was little danger; but the great flood of '86 was still fresh in the minds of all the older people, and it looked much as though its scenes of desolation and ruin were about to be repeated. The second week of March opened up warm and sunny. Then came three days of rain and at the end of the third day the river was a roaring flood and the dwellers on its banks were busy removing their goods to the higher ground. The Fawns' dwelling was situated on a slight knoll back from the river. At first the water did not come up to it, and Mr. Fawn disregarded the warnings of his friends and refused to move.

On Tuesday evening the water was still rising rapidly. During the night, an ice jam formed at the head of the rapids and the water spread over all the adjacent low lands. In the morning the Fawns found themselves cut off from safety by a quarter of a mile of rushing water, filled with huge cakes of ice. At seven o'clock came

a telegram that the dam at Fera, six miles above, could not hold out for fifteen minutes. Jimmy was on the east bank when the telegram came. Instinctively he glanced across and tried to make out the Fawns' house. He could not see it clearly in the early morning light, so he started out on the railroad bridge to see better. To his horror he saw signs of life around it. The Fawns had not yet moved out. The water reached almost to the top of the bridge, and the structure shivered as huge blocks of ice dashed against it. Jimmy thought of the breaking dam and started across the shaking structure. He was soon on the embankment on the opposite side. The railway embankment formed a peninsula which jutted far out into the flood. The ground was being rapidly washed away, and it was evident that when the dam broke the bridge and embankment would be carried away by the water as easily as smoke is carried by the wind. On the high ground Jimmy found an eager and excited crowd watching a boat which was about to land at the front steps of the house. The report of the breaking dam had just come and the excitement was intense. As soon as the boat touched the steps the entire family poured into it. It was plainly overloaded and would never be able to buffet against the broken ice and pieces of *débris* that were going swiftly by. Jimmy grew sick with anxiety, but as he watched he saw a figure jump out and, turning, shove the boat off. It started at once for the shore and left the girl, whom Jimmy recognized as Ellie, standing on the steps alone. Jimmy groaned when he thought again of the Fera dam and the death-bearing mass of water that even now was most likely rushing down upon them. Then he saw a small, frail boat drawn up on the bank. It was almost too small, but as quick as thought he was in it and frantically rowing toward the doomed house. The ice ground against the sides of his frail craft, and a giant hand seemed to be holding him back, but Jimmy was pulling for love and life, and nothing could stop him. It seemed as if he would never reach the house, but at last its bow knocked against the steps. "Hurry up, jump in, Ellie," he shouted, and almost before she was safely in it the boat had started on its return trip. There was no time for words; Ellie, white and terrified, sat gazing at the crowd on the shore and at the icy water all around them. Jimmy, brave and resolute, heroically fought against destiny. Slowly they crept through the mass of broken ice. The people on shore cheered them on when a terri-

ble roar burst on their ears. "Row, row for your lives" they shouted. Jimmy, too, heard the roar and strained every muscle. Louder and louder grew the roar of the flood. It drowned out the cries of the people on the bank. They could see it coming fast as a railroad train. The boat was almost at the shore and the crowd gave an exulting cheer when—crack!—an oar broke and the boat spun half around in the water. The flood reached the embankment, dashed high in the air, swept over and on. The crowd turned away in horror, and when they looked again the boat and its precious freight had disappeared.

Far down the river, the bodies of Jimmy and Ellie were found three days later. At the double funeral the East and West-Siders mourned together. Strife was banished from their hearts and grief reigned alone. Side by side, lie Jimmy and Ellie on the side of a shady hill, and side by side dwell the East and West-Siders in peaceful friendship, and the feud is but a memory of the past.

All on a Summer's Day.

JAMES BARRY.

"But I can't go, Charlie. There are a hundred things to be done that cannot be put off till Monday. You see I have to prepare for papa's and mamma's arrival; and, besides, little Clarence—"

"Oh! never mind little Clarence; he's all right. He'll be delighted to smear the faces of those friends of yours, who smother him, unconsciously, perhaps, and squeeze the little life out of him whenever they see him. Look at him now trying to crawl through the window-screen. A little fresh air will harm neither you nor Clarence; so make up your mind to come."

"And how do you expect me to receive visitors next Sunday, if I don't stay home to plan for their reception? Perhaps you might take them to a restaurant for dinner, or, if that doesn't please you, why, wire papa to defer his visit until further notice."

"Now, Mary, papa and mamma are sensible people, and very few husbands would say that of their wives' parents. They know what you can do in the cooking line, and I think it unnecessary for you to show off before them. You can probably find them a stale piece of

bread, and as for tea, Kitty will see to that."

Mrs. Clifford was disposed to become angry at this; but Charlie, her husband, soothed her feelings, and finally prevailed on her to promise her presence at the picnic on the morrow.

Before their marriage, both Mr. and Mrs. Clifford were prominent members of St. John's choir. Mary Holland then played the little organ which still stands at the rear of the church. Wherever she appeared she was a favorite. No young ladies' society was considered complete without her; the party, which did not include Mary, fell flat and uninteresting; she was the spirit of youth and pleasure and charity. And yet, courted as she was by all, she was modesty itself. She had an air of bashfulness about her that disarmed gossip and misrepresentation. Despite the fact of her prominence in church and society, she was of a retiring disposition. These virtues more than her personal appearance, which was more than ordinarily attractive, made her the beloved of all.

Saturday morning came bright and clear. A gentle breeze fluttered the awning above the steamer's deck and rippled the stream into wavelets that sparkled in the sun like diamonds. The river banks, clothed with the verdure of maple and ash and hickory, were shady and picturesque. The river looked like an immense table covering, tasselled with the green reflections of the trees upon its banks. It was a glorious scene of color—that blue sky, that silver stream, those verdant banks.

Above the laugh of the happy maiden and the shrill crowing of the infant sounded the whistle which denoted the departure of the excursion. The gang-plank was raised; the vessel backed and turned her bow against the current; hats were raised; handkerchiefs shaken on board and on shore.

Seated on a shady spot of the island, and surrounded by a group of friends were the Cliffords. They had lunched, and were planning a means of passing the afternoon agreeably. They decided to row up the river to another and larger island. Four skiffs were, accordingly, procured. Mary, with little Clarence, accompanied Miss Greenwood, her successor in the choir, and two young men of the congregation who took the oars while Charlie, with two companions, manned a skiff and led the way. They kept the boats together, and, with laugh and song, made the fast-fleeting moments fly faster. Their hearts were light and gay; their thoughts were but of the present, and of the present they sought all the sweetness it could

bestow. Fear of death or accident was not dreamed of by them; haply, perhaps, on the very verge of the grave, on the very brink of eternity, they had no thought of the life to come. Mary would have been content to go on forever as she had been during the last two years. Charlie was happy and wished for no change. Death—whenever they thought of death—presented to their mental vision only a vague and undefined aspect, like that of a strange coast seen afar off in the haze.

Between the island on which the picnickers were camped and that to which our party was proceeding the river was rather shallow. To render it navigable the government has built what are called "wing-dams," extending from either bank and forcing the water into a channel which lies between. Over these dams the water falls and, gathering force from the fall, sweeps sand and gravel from the river bed several yards forward, thus increasing the depth of the river immediately below the dam. After passing between the "wings," the water of the channel spreads out and encounters that which falls over the dam, forming an eddy or whirlpool.

To one of these dams our party had now come. Charlie, on whose leadership the rest of the party relied, allowed his skiff to be carried away by the current. It swept along to the side of the masonry, dashed around to the other end of the pond, turned and twisted, and twisted and turned, until its three occupants laughed aloud at the novel pastime. A few strokes of the oars brought it beyond the whirl. Again they allowed it to enter the seething waters, this time followed by the boat which Mary and her friends occupied. The fun was becoming more fascinating. The skiff danced and wriggled and met and parted, now on the eddy's brim and in a moment on its vortex. Round and round they went, a veritable "merry-go-round." One, two, three, and they danced into the centre; three, two, one, and they rested on the brink. A crash, as the two boats collided from opposite directions; a shriek, as Mary's boat went over; a groan, as the frightened husband realized the result; a splash, as a man's form disappeared beneath the water!

Why was Fate so cruel as to end prematurely the lives of two people so happy and contented? Why was she so indifferent as to leave behind an orphaned babe, who still crows with satisfaction, because he does not know how to weep and mourn? Why, when the smiling rays of the sun kissed the laughing waters, when the air was so sweet and the world so bright, when friends were so kind and fortune so favorable,—why—"The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away: Blessed be the name of the Lord."

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—This is the first number of the new volume—the book that is to chronicle the doings of the year of '95 and '96. We are a day's journey beyond the twenty-eighth milestone and, *entrez nous*, dear readers we are rather proud of the pace we have set, and of no year's journey are we prouder than the last. The road is fair before us, a bit dusty, we'll grant, and rocky too, at times; but there are inns by the wayside and cool groves where the weary may rest. And the twenty-ninth milestone, we know, is there, far away behind the mist-banks, all the more beautiful because its glory will flash out only when we are close upon it. We are not an ill-looking company, and we would be glad of your companionship on the way. If you be a *trouvere* we will listen with patience, mayhap with delight, to your tale; if you be a *troubadour* and your voice be clear and ear true, a love-song or a light ballad will make us ever grateful. If you have aught of skill in verse or prose we will give you the hand of fellowship, and make your name immortal in our annals. Art is our mistress; she has sent us on this quest, and, if you are to be one of us, you, too, must wear her colors, and serve her alone. We are gay and serious by turns. We are not averse to a discussion of the great ones who stand near our lady's throne, and if you be learned and simple, with none of the pedant about you, we will listen with the best of grace; but triflers we want not. If you be earnest, even though your numbers be not harmonious, we will give you a private hearing, with much instruction, before we present you before the assembled company. For know that we have scores and hundreds who journey not with us, but listen to our entertainment each evening. And he who is foremost has great honor among them, which

is, of itself, an exceeding great reward. Will you be one of us, dear reader? If you know the elements of harmony, pray, consider and consent.

—In ten days another epoch will begin for our *Alma Mater*. With half a century of glorious life behind her, it will, indeed, be strange if her future be not splendid with great achievements. And it rests with the students of the coming decade to decide whether Notre Dame is to go ever forward or to retrograde, for there can be no standing still. The Faculty can but direct and develop, it cannot create forces, and in the student-body lies the real hope of the University. A college is no longer simply a place to acquire as much general information as is possible in a short four years; its real aim is to train its *alumni* to think and act for themselves, to set up standards and ideals for them, to give them the premises and principles from which they must draw their own conclusions. "The little crooked poet's" line may have had much of wisdom in it, when Anne was queen; but the scholar who is not satisfied, to-day, with the "little learning" Pope thought so dangerous will never master any art or science. Concentration is the watch-word of success, and the unhappy wretch who tries to do too many things ends by achieving nothing.

For the new students of '95 we have a word or two of advice, and the "old boys" may not find them barren of good. Choose the course which will, you think, best fit you for the place you intend to take in the world. Work then and do honest work; for it is cowardly to slight a task, and the coward at college will never be a hero in the ranks of the world's workers. Shun the dishonorable thing, and of all college vices, "cribbing" or "ponying" is the most dishonorable, for it is an injustice to the honest student who is too merciful to expose you. The true educator has no greater pleasure in life than helping the earnest student. Education is a work of co-operation, and if you do your part the result of the year's work will be, cannot but be, successful.

—Father General Français and party sailed, this mornig, for France. The prayers and wishes of all at Notre Dame for a prosperous voyage and a quick return will, we are sure, accompany them.

The Faculty for 1895-'96.

A glance at the new "Catalogue of the University of Notre Dame" shows a very marked advance both as regards the collegiate courses and the *personnel* of the various Faculties. All the courses of the University have undergone elaborate and conscientious revision, with a view to making them as practical and complete as possible. The "entrance requirements" have been made considerably higher, the tendency being to reduce the number of classes so as to insure more thorough and original work from the students.

The general officers of the University are, of course, unchanged. The genial and beloved President, Father Morrissey, is still at the helm; the Rev. James French, as Director of Studies, and the Rev. Martin Regan, as Prefect of Discipline, assisting him as efficiently as of yore.

The classical Faculty, we are happy to note, is still graced by the names of Father Stoffel, one of the most thorough Greek scholars in America; Father Fitte, among whose accomplishments is that of writing Latin prose and verse with equal elegance and fluency; Father Scheier, late Vice-President of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, and an authority in Latin literature and prosody; Prof. Edwards, whose services to the cause of historical study in America are recognized everywhere; Prof. Ewing, one of the best-equipped educators of the West, and Prof. McGriskin, an accomplished scholar and successful author. They will be assisted in their work by six associate professors and instructors.

The course in English Literature, which has attained to such perfection under the direction of Dr. Egan, will be presided over by Austin O'Malley, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Washington, D. C. In addition to his scientific attainments, Dr. O'Malley is one of the most promising of the younger American authors. His contributions to current literature have been marked by depth and grace of thought, high critical acumen and rare fineness of art. Educated in the best medical schools of Europe and America, Dr. O'Malley, like O'iver Wendell Holmes, has abandoned a brilliant medical career to give himself wholly to literature; and no one acquainted with his work, whether in prose or poetry, can doubt the wisdom of his choice. Associated with him in this department will be Eugene Davis, LL. D., whose contributions to

periodical literature at home and abroad, have made his name familiar everywhere. Mr. Davis' special work will be largely in comparative literature with particular reference to Latin and French. The professors in the classes of Rhetoric and Composition remain unchanged. This course is now one of the strongest and most popular in the University, and we understand that the President, with a view to making Notre Dame the best school of English in America, is conducting negotiations for special courses of lectures by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, George Parsons Lathrop and other eminent *littérateurs*.

The scientific department of the University is especially well equipped. The Rev. Dr. Zahm, whose work in scientific fields is familiar to all, holds the chair of special Physics; Father Alexander Kirsch, who is, perhaps, unexcelled by any American specialist, holds that of Biology; Father Burns and Father Ill, who have returned from the inspection of other universities in the interest of Notre Dame, preside over the departments of Chemistry and general Physics, and Father Joseph Kirsch over that of Geology. The course in Civil Engineering is in charge of Prof. McCue, who is regarded by students and fellow-professors alike as one of the ablest educators in America.

The course in Law was created by Col. Hoynes, the genial and scholarly Dean who still happily presides over it. Col. Hoynes, who has attained through conscientious and devoted effort to the highest success as teacher and lawyer, is assisted by such eminent jurists as Judges Gibbons, Howard, Scales, Hubbard and Prendergast, and practitioners like Breen, Brick and Ewing.

The preparatory and commercial schools are under the direction of Father Moloney, whom it were superfluous to praise. Associated with him are Father Murphy, and Brothers Alexander, Philip Neri and others whose efficiency is well known.

We have left ourselves but little space in which to speak of the department of Fine Arts. However, the names of Brothers Basil, Leopold and Girard, and Professors Paul, Ackermann and Preston are too well and favorably known to require comment. As the English course is judged by the essays contributed to the SCHOLASTIC, so, too, the value of the training received by our students in music may be estimated by the work done at the entertainments given in Washington Hall. The Band was never better than in '95; the choir was excellent, and the Orchestra the best we have ever had. The Faculty of Fine Arts will be the same as last year, and we may expect brilliant work.

Foot-Ball and the Varsity.

This is the season for suggestions in matters athletic. In two weeks the SCHOLASTIC hopes to see every canvas jacket at the University as dirty as it was last Thanksgiving Day—and that, too, from use. Criticism, as we have found to our sorrow, is of no use at Notre Dame—it simply makes martyrs, in the estimation of the public, of men who have none of the elements of the hero in them, and defeats its own end. But a foreword about football may not come amiss. The men who will be demi-gods in two month's time are now in the receptive mood, and the SCHOLASTIC finds courage enough to whisper a word or two in their ears while they are yet of the earth, and humble and hopeful and able to listen to reason.

If we are to have a football team, we must begin at once, for only two of the men who carried the Gold and Blue to the victory that lay across the goal-line, last fall, will wear cleats on their shoes this season. The '95 Varsity will be made up, almost entirely, of men who have never known the rack and worry of the two long halves of an inter-collegiate contest and—football is not learned in one practise game. The outlook last fall was none too cheering, but the '94 Varsity was, in the end, by all odds the best that ever wore Notre Dame's colors. Not a little of the credit for the showing they made was due to the careful coaching they received; but their form was never what it might have been, and the Thanksgiving Day defeat was the result of carelessness and over-confidence. That surrender to Albion was the one blot on a record that is little less than wonderful when the woful lightness of our team is considered. And the blame for our one Waterloo can safely be thrown on the spirit of selfishness and personal ambition that seems never to be absent from our athletic teams.

For the members of our teams seem never to realize their responsibility. When a player has once won, in fair and open contest, a place on the Varsity, he is no longer an individual, he is our representative, and as such, we have every right to criticise or even condemn him. If he is a college man, with the semblance of college-spirit, he will forget self, forget danger and physical pain, and think only of his college and the five hundred young fellows behind the side-lines, who depend upon him, and to whom

defeat is a sorrow keen as death. While he is a candidate for a place on the Varsity, his ambition is purely a personal one, and he may, if he wearies of the monotonous grind of training and practice, retire without dishonor. But once recognized as a member of his college team, he has no choice. If he is a gentleman he will go straight forward, training conscientiously and practising faithfully to fit himself for the place he has won. And it is not enough to be reasonably good, simply better than the other candidates for the same place, but as quick and sure and strong as care and self-sacrifice can make him. For it is an honor to be one of the eleven fellows chosen to represent the other five-hundred, and a place on the team is well worth working for.

Such a player would be the ideal one, the embodiment of college spirit, and the trouble at Notre Dame is that we have had too few of them. Our men are satisfied, as a rule, with the knowledge that their places are secure, and are content with mediocre performances. After the first match-game they begin to flirt again with Barrie's goddess, "my Lady Nicotine," and it is the hardest, the most disheartening, part of the captain's work to keep the line-men and the "backs" from injuring their wind. This is the acme of selfishness, for lack of wind and staying qualities in any man means that his neighbor must do part of his work without receiving any of the credit. And if the neighbor is selfish, too, and shirks the added labor, the opposing backs crash through the line or double the ends at will, while the men in ulsters, who can only hope and tremble by turns, big-hearted and charitable even in their despair, begin to invent excuses for their delinquent brother. If it is a dishonorable thing to "throw" a game, it is little less so not to take every chance to win it. And if the Varsity of '95 can be brought to see that they have responsibilities, individually and collectively, and that "old Notre Dame" and the Gold and Blue should be first in their thoughts, the battles of the coming year are already won.

Again and again we have snatched victory from defeat; would it not be a novelty to begin our triumphs at the "first kick-off" and not "wait for the second half?" It would, we are sure, please the "rooters," and the "rooters" are to be considered, for a more loyal lot of young enthusiasts could not be found. Celtic dash and vim are famous; why not use them in the first half and not win half-earned victories? We are on the eve of term-time and the football

season, and the SCHOLASTIC could not refrain from putting in black and white a few truths that can be made useful. We might have quoted history; but this is a new year, and new men will be to the fore, and no good can come of raising ghosts that are, we trust, forever laid. We are, first and last, "Notre Dame men" and the honor of our college, and the triumph of our colors, should be dearer to us than the interests of self, of parties or Halls. We won in '94, we will win in '95; but it must be as comrades, loyal sons of Notre Dame.

D. V. C.

Books and Magazines.

—The vacation number of *The Bachelor of Arts* is thoroughly good. It is novel as well as new, striking, though at the same time acceptable and in its general make-up somewhat startling, to say the least. In the first place—with pleasure be it noted—there are no pictures of whatever kind, the editors showing fine scorn even for the customary "initial letter"; there is no flligree work, no "plates," hideous or otherwise, at the bottom of the pages to set them off; there is nothing, in fine, over and above its sound, sterling English, to lend the meanest grace to this magazine. Then, too, the conventional form has been abandoned, and instead of the broad, expansive sheets which go under the covers of *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and the rest, we have a long, narrow leaf which gives the publication the appearance rather of a green-grocer's day book than of a high-priced monthly. These oddities have crept in, and they certainly do violence to tradition, are very fantastic and they are sure to grow on one. As to the reading, it is most enjoyable every way—not too heavy and not flippant, but lively, with just the measure of life a Bachelor ought to have. The departments of "Book Notices" and "Comments on University News" are particularly refreshing. The *Bachelor* has every prospect of becoming a master in the literary world.

—With its March issue the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society begins Volume VI. A graceful poem from the pen of Eleanor C. Donnelly, entitled "The Acadians in Philadelphia," heads the table of contents, which, by the way, is much more varied than usual. Other contributions are "The Diurnal of the Rt. Rev. John England" (with portrait), "John and Elizabeth Tathan," and "The Annual Address of the President." Reports and Book

Reviews fill up the rest of the number. From Dr. Flick's address we quote without comment the following: "For the purpose of making clear to all what the objects and scope of work of our Society are, I will again briefly state them. They are: First, to gather and properly care for a grand Catholic reference library. Second, to write the history of the Catholic Church in America. And third, to stimulate the production of American Catholic literature.

—Vol. I, No. I of *The New Galaxy*,—a ten-cent magazine devoted to all sorts of good things, but especially to Arts and Letters—has recently made its advent into this bustling world. We had thought that the painters and the writers had viewed and been reviewed from every point of vantage in the periodicals which already existed, nevertheless, here is a bright, fresh contemporary, with a mission all its own, treating the old subject in a different way. *The New Galaxy* has not set out to compete with others, but rather to furnish a class of matter unlike any now on the market. Its stories will always be complete in one number, its illustrations beautiful, consistent and profuse; and, what is more devoutly to be wished, it "will reject mere sensationalism and trash." This June issue is entirely within the limits marked out in the prospectus. Perhaps the most noteworthy paper is that entitled "The Natural Bent of an Artist's Mind," while by far the handsomest pictures, saving, of course, the highly-wrought frontispiece, are included in the series "Gems from European Art-Galleries."—Harry C. Jones, Publisher, New York.

Personals.

—Michael J. Kelly (Student '92), while out riding recently in Minneapolis, was thrown from his bicycle and seriously injured. There are hopes of his recovery.

—Frank Fehr ('91), one of the most popular students of his time, was married at Chicago, July 24, to Miss Pauline Frances Hecht. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the young couple long life and abiding happiness.

—The Rev. Philip O'Ryan, of the Catholic University, who received the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology in June, was the guest, for several days in July, of his uncle, the Reverend Timothy Maher, the University postmaster.

The Reverend A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., of the Faculty of Science, spent the entire vacation at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, lecturing to special students in Biology. He starts next

Monday, for the University, where he will take up his regular work as Dean of the Biological course.

—Our genial Professor of Philosophy, the Reverend Stanislaus Fitte, C. S. C., is spending the long vacation with friends in the East.

—We notice in the *Watertown Gazette* an account of Father Condon's leave-taking from the parishioners of St. Bernard's congregation. Fourteen years is a long time for pastor and flock to be associated, and when during that period there has been mutual encouragement and mutual good understanding, the pain of parting is increased, as was evinced a few Sundays ago at Watertown. Father Condon goes to Paris as the American representative of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

—Few of the Class of '95 are satisfied with bachelor's degrees. Murphy, Hudson, Mitchell, Marr and Casey will return to Notre Dame as post-graduate students; Cullinan will enter the U. of C. Law School; Davis will read Blackstone at Yale, Dempsey and Dinkel will study strains and stresses at Cornell; Funke will enter U. of P. School of Medicine; Walker will test the McGill professors of anatomy; Devanney will study and teach at Sacred Heart, Watertown, and Hervey will hie himself to the U. of Va.; Ryan is yet undecided, and Karasynski has joined the engineers in charge of the Washington canal. The SCHOLASTIC wishes them, one and all, success of the most pronounced sort. "May they grow great in the land!"

Local Items.

—Have you heard the shrieks that issue from the band-room? Well; we have.

—Many of the old-timers have succumbed to the fascinations of the wheel. They all ride bicycles now.

—The drought has been so severe that the leaves have begun to wither and fall from the trees in large quantities.

—Through an oversight the title "Master of Science" was omitted after Prof. E. Maurus' name in the new catalogue.

—Bro. Marcellinus desires to acknowledge the receipt of a medal which Mr. Egan presented to St. Columbkil's School, Chicago.

—"Glad to see you back, old boy," will be the salutation in a few days. There is no pleasure like that of meeting old friends.

—If the absent students are as anxious to see their companions at the college as their companions are to see them they will return as soon as possible.

—The spacious avenue leading to the University is often traversed by carriages bearing

visitors to view the wonders of Notre Dame. They are ever welcome.

—From the list "Conferring of Degrees" in our last issue, the name of Newton A. Preston who received the degree of Bachelor of Music was omitted by mistake.

—On the 17th of July, the Second Anniversary of the death of Reverend Father Walsh, there was Solemn High Mass in the Church of the Sacred Heart for the repose of his soul.

—The Minims enjoy themselves immensely at the lake. Twice a day the Prefect takes them for a bath, and their ruddy cheeks and laughing eyes tell the world of their happiness.

—The *Baltimore Sun*, moralizing on athletics, refers to Adrian C. Anson as "a first-base lecture on temperate living and good habits." "Uncle Anse" was a student here in '69, and he learned to play baseball in the "Juanitas."

—Classes will reopen Tuesday, September 3d. The same old bells will resound along the halls and on the campus. The unpacking of trunks, the arrangements of desks and tables, the promiscuous running to and fro, the application for bills of studies—all will make Notre Dame the scene of great excitement for a few days.

—Owing to the fact that a Portiuncula chapel has been established at Mishawaka, there were fewer pilgrims at Notre Dame on the day of the Great Pardon this year than ever before. As it was, however, our spacious church was constantly thronged during the morning and afternoon with devout visitors who had taken advantage of the exceptional indulgences, and very many kept vigil long into the night.

—Men have been engaged during the past week in drilling an artesian well, but up to date have not met with much success. When they were down about fifty feet they struck what is technically styled a "nigger-head"—"large boulder" in the vernacular—and had to abandon the job. Nothing daunted, however, they will move the derrick and begin again. In view of the continual fall of water in the lake, several other wells are contemplated.

—St. Joseph's Lake has fallen several feet below the average midsummer water mark. Here at Notre Dame the drought is so disheartening that even the lake "lies in anguish bleeding." Bathers begin to fear that their favorite sport is nearing its end. Members of the boat club will notice on their return the sad effects produced by the miserly conduct of Jupiter Pluvius. Only the turtles seem to appreciate the alarming depression, and they—well, it is safe to say that they enjoy pleasant day-dreams.

—The 15th was made memorable in more ways than one. Beside the pilgrimage there was a baseball game. The Indiana Club and the South Bend Athletic Association met each other on the Notre Dame diamond. A large crowd of South Benders witnessed the game;

and were much surprised at the unexpected ease with which the Indiana Club's representatives were beaten. The score stood about 38 to 3. George Sweet, our Varsity left-fielder, acted as catcher for the Athletic association, and contributed a great deal to their victory. The grand-stand was fairly well filled.

—The annual pilgrimage from Kalamazoo is always the great affair of the midsummer vacation. This Fifteenth of August surpassed all previous ones. Rev. Dr. O'Brien and Rev. E. Cullinane deserve the greatest praise for the manner in which they managed the immense crowds of pilgrims who came in special Michigan Central trains to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin. All attended Solemn High Mass at ten o'clock. In the afternoon they attended Vespers and afterwards marched in solemn procession from the Church of the Sacred Heart, around St. Joseph's Lake and back to the church, carrying a statue of Our Lady. At five o'clock the pilgrims departed and the lawn was deserted.

—Another landmark—the old red barn—is about to be razed to the ground, and it is safe to assert that there will be no regrets in this instance even on the score of long association. For years past that barn has ceased to please. It was decrepit and shabby, and although it was ancient enough to be picturesque and comfortable, it was, in fact, neither the one nor the other. Moreover, it did not accommodate all the horses and was not clean. The new structure, on the other hand, will be a thing of beauty and a home for any respectable nag to be proud of. The foundations measure 150x75 feet, and the massive brick walls will run up two stories. As the work is already well under way, reasonable expectation can be entertained that everything down to the very stalls will be in readiness by the middle of October.

—The winds have blown hot from the south and dry from the west and the sun was never so pitiless, but Bro. Philip and his men have gone serenely on, in spite of wind and weather, and the College Park is the one bit of greenness in a land given up to dusty browns and grays. All the summer, the nasturtiums and carnations have rioted in vase and bed, and the stately cannas added, each day, new blossoms to the old. And now, with the first hint of autumn, the hydrangeas have burst into flower, the great creamy clusters bending the slender stems almost to the ground, and the aster beds are flaming masses of crimson and purple and white. It is a great thing to love flowers, a greater to know them and care for them for the love of it—and to see that the water-tank is never empty. The lawn was beautiful at commencement; but the student who returns will see what a summer of careful attention can do for a park, and he will rejoice, if he has a spark of æstheticism

in his composition, that "the campus" is in such good hands.

—There are beautiful pears—there *were* beautiful pears—in an orchard in this vicinity, but their guardian is an unscrupulous wretch, full of artifice and petty cunning. Furthermore, he is eaten up with covetousness. Not long since a small party with large appetites came to his rusty mansion and had the weakness to pay for buttermilk. Between drinks—which was *not* a long time—they looked with unmistakable signs of approval upon the overburdened pear-trees. This horny-handed tiller of the soil above-mentioned (for whom let no man pray, for he is lost) noted the gladsome expression on the countenances of his customers and invited them in a patronizing way—"seein' there was too much o' that 'ere fruit for him to use anyhow"—to come around in two weeks when ripeness had set in and help themselves. Thereupon more buttermilk was purchased, and the small party with quenched thirst and with an admirable trust in human nature took to the dusty road again. After four short days, thinking to let the pears ripen somewhere else than on the trees, they returned one night and found not so much as a crab-apple. This is published not out of malice, but only to show the irony of fate and to warn that man that his conduct is not at all commendable. He is in the meshes of the Evil One.

Examination Averages.

(No average under 60 is published.)

SORIN HALL.

W. Burns, 77; F. Barton, 70; D. Casey, 92; E. Cullinan, 98; J. Devanney, 83; N. Dunkel, 86; F. Davis, 86; J. Dempsey, 83; F. Eyanson, 93; A. Funke, 86; J. Hervey, 88; A. Hudson, 93; D. Murphy, 97; J. Murphy, 85; W. Marr, 74; H. Mitchell, 94; J. Murray, 87; F. McManus, 70; B. Oliver, 65; A. Prichard, 82; G. Pulskamp, 81; T. Quinlan, 73; M. Ryan, 84; A. Stace, 92; R. Slevin, 84; J. Shannon, 79; A. Vignos, 87; S. Walker, 92; J. McKee, 81.

BROWNSON HALL.

Anderson, 63; J. Arce, 95; C. Atherton, 82; C. Ainsworth, 81; H. Alber, 62; M. Adler, 91; J. Barry, 97; P. Baird, 86; J. Byrne, 89; W. J. Burke, 92; W. P. Burke, 87; L. Brinker, 85; E. Brennan, 69; H. Bennett, 83; N. Britz, 91; R. Brown, 76; C. Corry, 75; A. Clark, 68; E. Coleman, 78; J. Corby, 85; J. Crane, 73; C. Craft, 80; E. Chassaing, 72; P. Campbell, 80; A. Carney, 79; T. Cavanagh, 79; M. Costello, 95; A. Campbell, 86; E. Crilly, 63; A. Chase, 65; D. Conger, 90; A. Davis, 65; J. Dowd, 84;

E. Delaney, 94; M. Daley, 85; J. Davila, 75; F. Dillon, 84; A. Eymer, 69; T. Finnerty, 77; P. Follen, 80; W. Fagan, 91; E. Falvey, 85; A. Fera, 78; C. Foulks, 91; L. Gilpin, 88; N. Gibson, 81; E. Gilmartin, 89; W. Golden, 87; A. Galen, 74; T. Guthrie, 79; H. Henry, 74; A. Herman, 86; A. Hanhauser, 87; R. Halligan, 85; G. Hanhauser, 91; J. Harrison, 89; W. Hindel, 87; T. Howley, 79; E. Hierholzer, 83; J. Hogan, 88; F. Hesse, 90; E. Hentges, 89; W. Hengen, 75; M. Hennebry, 84; J. Hinde, 83; E. Jones, 75; G. Johnson, 68; W. Kegler, 87; B. Kortas, 62; F. Kaul, 71; T. King, 78; R. Kinsella, 87; A. Karasynski, 71; J. Ludwig, 66; L. Landa, 71; W. Lawlor, 69; L. Lassig, 64; G. Lansdowne, 79; H. Mathewson, 69; E. Murphy, 91; T. Medley, 87; C. Mulroney, 91; D. Monarch, 80; W. Moxley, 67; J. Miller, 83; T. Masters, 79; C. Montague, 85; H. A. Miller, 74; J. Monahan, 76; R. Monahan, 93; S. Moore, 90; J. Melter, 78; H. A. Miller, 76; O. McHugh, 78; C. McPhee, 74; W. McGinnis, 89; W. McCarthy, 78; O. McGreevey, 85; M. Ney, 81; R. O'Malley, 87; F. O'Brien, 81; L. Oldshue, 90; R. Palmer, 91; E. Puls-kamp, 84; C. Piquette, 82; C. Quimby, 69; P. Reardon, 91; J. Rowan, 75; R. Ryan, 72; J. Rosenthal, 89; E. Roper, 76; A. Spengler, 85; F. Schulte, 81; W. Sheehan, 95; F. Scott, 80; F. Smoger, 92; S. Steele, 80; D. Sullivan, 72; C. Smoger, 85; S. Spalding, 74; J. Sanders, 72; G. Sweet, 81; C. Turner, 80; B. Tinnen, 75; G. Wilson, 78; H. Wilson, 91; S. White, 69; P. White, 90; W. Weaver, 78; F. Wensinger, 78; W. Wilkin, 83; J. Wiss, 74; F. Wagner, 74; C. Wagner, 78; L. Wheeler, 71; E. Tong, 91; P. Murphy, 91; B. L. Monahan, 64.

R. Singler, 91. J. Hayes, 90; J. Kulamer, 93; T. Reilly, 96; E. O'Connor, 70; P. Carroll, 74; P. Dillon, 79; J. Griffin, 63; J. Haydon, 95; A. Nieuwland, 96; J. Roy, 94; M. Schumacher, 89; J. Thompson, 61; J. Bennett, 72; V. Dwyer, 94; H. Taylor, 74; L. Wurzer, 90; E. Gilbert, 65; M. Neville, 94; S. Schultz, 79; W. Grady, 97; H. Wurzer, 94; J. Sauter, 70; S. McDonald, 82; H. Gallagher, 86; P. Moynahan, 94; E. Trahey, 77; E. Heffron, 64; W. Young, 87; P. Dwan, 84; T. McCarthy, 73; W. Marr, 88; J. Corr, 85; G. Wilmarth, 73; J. Mullen, 85; W. Schnurr, 80; A. DeLormier, 83; J. McGinley, 60; P. Ruter, 77;

CARROLL HALL.

M. Austin, 83; L. Adler, 84; J. Bloomfield, 64; S. Ball, 77; G. Bartlett, 84; J. Barry, 84; T. Burns, 63; R. Barry, 66; J. Benz, 60; J. Browne, 81; D. Cottin, 76; F. Cornell, 88; J. Corry, 81; W. Connor, 63; J. Corby, 88; J. Corby, 86; G. Cypher, 60; T. Cullen, 76; J. Ducey, 83; A. Dannemiller, 84; A. Druecker, 90; J. Dalton, 81; G. Davezac, 73; A. Erhart, 81; J. Flynn, 74; J. Forbing, 83; A. Farley, 67; J. Fennessey, 94; R. Franey, 77; J. Foley, 63; M. Feltenstein, 76; R. Fox, 79; C. Girsch, 73; J. Goldstein, 84; F. Goldstein, 89; E. Gimbel, 76; C. Gausepohl, 70; E. Gainer, 84; H. Goldsmith, 63; G. Howard,

60; J. Hayes, 76; A. Hayes, 60; L. Healy, 74; W. Healy, 72; T. Hoban, 82; M. Herrera, 65; J. Hagerty, 83; E. Heer, 83; L. Heer, 92; H. Jones, 72; G. Keefe, 96; A. Kasper, 69; G. Kasper, 66; F. Kasper, 69; P. Kuntz, 71; J. Kuntz, 71; G. Krug, 88; M. Kirk, 82; A. Long, 84; J. Lantry, 94; C. Langley, 67; T. Lowery, 88; J. Lane, 68; H. Lansdowne, 76; H. Miles, 77; W. Morris, 79; J. Maternes, 68; M. Monarch, 76; W. Monahan, 83; E. Moran, 74; N. Massey, 91; C. Murray, 86; C. Minnigerode, 78; R. Miers, 73; F. Morris, 68; R. Murray, 89; J. McShane, 91; E. McCarthy, 87; J. McPhilips, 92; R. McPhee, 69; E. McKenzie, 73; G. McCarriek, 84; G. Nevius, 67; W. O'Brien, 83; A. Pendleton, 74; R. Powell, 65; C. Rockey, 78; C. Reuss, 85; F. Roesing, 81; H. Rasche, 76; E. Sachsels, 74; H. Speake, 63; J. Sheils, 83; A. Spillard, 80; G. Stuhlfauth, 92; P. Smith, 70; H. Storey, 70; C. Shillington, 79; J. Sheekey, 92; J. Sullivan, 94; H. Stearns, 74; H. Scott, 68; F. Smith, 79; L. Thompson, 70; F. Taylor, 62; B. Tatman, 72; J. Tuohy, 63; J. Tempell, 76; H. Thalman, 75; L. Underwood, 78; J. Whitehead, 83; F. Ward, 79; T. Wallace, 80; T. Watterson, 80; F. Waters, 79; D. Wright, 66; M. Wigg, 81; C. Wells, 71. D. Naughton, 62; T. Naughton, 61.

M. Oswald, 86; J. Konzon, 84; C. Senrich, 76; J. O'Connor, 71; F. Dwyer, 81; J. Raczyński, 66; F. Kroeling, 91; L. Parnell, 92; C. Eleteh, 78; A. Garneau, 68; T. Smith, 73; F. Bonnoes, 66; J. Boylan, 81; V. Jones, 85; L. Lindsey, 82; J. Powers, 88; A. Oberly, 71; C. Strang, 78; F. Lyons, 79; J. O'Neill, 81; P. Hollander, 86.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, 95; G. Abrahams, 85; L. Abrahams, 75; E. Audibert, 75; A. Bump, 95; J. Bullene, 95; W. Brinckerhoff, 90; F. Breslin, 90; F. Brissenden, 80; N. Boyton, 90; P. Boyton, 70; J. Curry, 80; F. Cottin, 91; C. Cressy, 80; R. Clarke, 90; A. Coquillard, 92; J. Coquillard, 90; H. Cassady, 85; B. Collins, 90; J. Caruthers, 90; F. Caruthers, 80; J. Corcoran, 95; P. Cotter, 95; E. Dugas, 88; G. Dugas, 75; M. Devine, 90; W. Dalton, 89; W. Durand, 95; E. Elliott, 91; G. Egan, 93; D. Goff, 85; P. Graham, 85; L. Garrity, 90; M. Garrity, 85; J. Hershey, 85; R. Hess, 89; F. Hess, 88; L. Hart, 85; B. Hawkins, 95; J. Jonquet, 90; M. Jonquet, 90; J. Fitzgerald, 90; W. Finnerty, 95; L. Kelly, 95; C. Kelly, 95; R. Kasper, 90; M. Kopf, 85; J. Lawton, 80; G. Leach, 95; R. McIntyre, 85; J. Morehouse, 95; R. McCarthy, 92; G. McCarthy, 85; E. McCarthy, 90; W. McNichols, 85; G. Moxley, 90; E. McElroy, 85; H. McCorry, 95; G. McNamara, 95; T. Noonan, 92; B. Nye, 90; C. Nye, 80; L. Newman, 76; H. Pollitz, 85; W. Pollitz, 70; C. Paul, 90; W. Plunkett, 85; B. Roesing, 90; L. Rasche, 85; D. Rasche, 75; E. Swan, 90; T. Sexton, 85; D. Spillard, 95; E. Strauss, 95; H. Sontag, 90; V. Steele, 95; U. Thompson, 90; J. Van Dyke, 90; F. Van Dyke, 90; F. Waite, 85; F. Welch, 90; G. Weidmann, 85; F. Weidmann, 75.